

manding General, therefore, earnestly exhorts the troops to abstain with most scrupulous care from unnecessary or wanton injury to private property, and he enjoins upon all officers to arrest and bring to summary punishment all who shall in any way offend against the orders on this subject.

R. E. LEE, *General*.

If the spirit of this order had controlled the armies of Europe in the present war, what frightful suffering, what nameless outrages would have been spared the women and children of those unhappy lands.

The third quality of Lee I desire to emphasize is that while in victory he was great, in defeat he was glorious—and this is the rarer virtue. Adversity is the supreme test of character, and through this furnace heated with the baleful fires of envy, malice and bigotry, Lee walked like the chosen of God in the olden times and came forth unscathed, unscarred, and without even the smell of fire upon his garments. One of his favorite sayings was that human fortitude ought always to be equal to human calamity. When the test came he lifted his life to the level of his ideals. In a sense Lee failed just as Napoleon failed—each lost the army under his command. Neither accomplished the immediate object for which he fought. But to Napoleon the loss of his army meant a tragedy of impotency and despair; to Lee it meant simply the shifting of his forces to a new field of endeavor. To Napoleon, Waterloo was a fathomless abyss; to Lee, Appomattox was a vale of darkness and tears, through which he passed and led his people to a nobler and higher destiny. He incarnated the immortal lines of Tennyson,

“That men may rise on stepping-stones
Of their dead selves to higher things.”

But the thought I most love to dwell upon is that Robert E. Lee and Stonewall Jackson are not merely individuals—they are types, they are the products of Southern civilization and sum up the virtues of their people. In them we find incarnated the noblest traits of the Confederate soldier. In their characters are realized the aspirations of the men who followed them.

I am now going to make the strongest statement I ever made in my life. I have a son, an only son. I talk to him about Lee, read to him about Lee, give him books about Lee and pictures of Lee. I want to get his mind saturated with the spirit of Lee, for I would rather that boy would take Lee for his model, for his hero, than any human being that ever walked this earth. Take him as a boy of eleven, honoring the memory of his father and looking with tenderest solicitude after the comfort of his widowed mother; take him as a student, submitting to the rigid military discipline at West Point, going through the entire course without a single demerit against him and graduating second in a class of forty-six; take him as a young officer, handsome as Apollo, the scion of a noble house, his lineage and his uniform threw wide open the doors of society, and temptations to lead a life of ease, of adventure, of knightly conquests, were as thick around him as flowers in springtime; and yet he works hard at his chosen profession, uses neither liquor nor tobacco, and brings to his young wife a record of personal purity as stainless as her own. Look at him as a subaltern in Mexico, watching with eagle eye for every opportunity to serve, and performing every service with such splendid efficiency and unselfish courage that General Scott came to love him as his own son, and in later years the old General begged the young Colonel with tears in his eyes to be the Commander-in-Chief of all the armies of the North.